

THE GIVVER

Saturday, January 12, 1867.



(Drawn by W. SMALL.)

"But I aint so lissom as I used to be."

OVER THE BORDER—OF MIDDLESEX.

JUMP up, sir. Can't get up? Woa, mare! Why, when I was *your* age, sir, I was that lissom I'd a jumped *over* the team, pretty nigh, let alone on to it. I'd give all the world, if I had it, this

minute, to be what I was thirty year ago, I would! Nothin' never come amiss to me then; not that it does *now* much, that I know of, thank God; but I aint so lissom as I used to be.

Yes, sir, times *have* altered since those days! If some of the old people was to come up out of their graves they'd think the world was turned bottom up'ards, they would, and *then* not believe their eyes neither. To see them ingins a roaring along, over your head and across the roads, and the horses seemin' to understand 'em as well as you do, pulling up quiet at the gates as they rooshes by, and takin' no more notice than nothin'; and I *have* heered o' horses stoppin' o' their own accord with the reins about their necks and the man fast asleep on top of his load, and a minute after a train come swoopin' by as would have sent the lot to Jericho, and killed nobody knows how many in the bargain!

Thirty-year—ago! Why, I druv' old Muster Bailey's team then, over at Burnham. They was just about makin' this here Great West'n line, and I remember, as if it was yesterday, poor old Jim Low sayin', "Ah, if my head never aches till they gets *that* into action, that'll never be." But they did get it into action *ye* see, and Jim he lived to ride on it himself, and to take the old woman up to the Great Exhibition by it, too—that fust one in Hyde Park, I mean. Didn't the old girl hold herself up straight when she come back and told my missis "not to be so foolish as to be afraid of going on it, for you'd no sooner put your fut in the carriage than there you were in London, and she preferred it better than goin' up in the cart as she did when she and Low got married, ever so much." Though Jim he did tell me afterwards, confidential like, that when it come to the pint he thought she'd have fainted right off: and he had to lift her in like a baby, screaming murder (a thing the porters and them was 'customed to in those times down here away), or they'd a lost their tickets altogether and come back as they went.

Ah! there's a difference since then in edication, too, sir; and they *do* say as they're a goin' to bring in a ack now so as no farmer can't put a boy to the plough till he's had a bit of schooling, or somethin' o' that sort. Why, when I was a lad you couldn't go to no school whatsoever without payin' eightpence or tenpence a week—not in this part, anyhow. Now, a'most everybody gives their children a bit of edication, if it's *ever* so small; and when they can read and write, and know figures, they goes out into some warehouse, or office, or other, and comes home sometimes of a Sunday, lookin' so as you wouldn't know 'em again.

There's my boy, as tall as you, he is, sir, and a fine, likely young fellow, though I say it as, perhaps, didn't ought. "Father," he says to me, "I never mean to work hard as *you* are; my edication 'll get me a livin';" and it will, too. Why, sir, his master trusts him to anything, he does; there he has his book, and puts everythin' down, just as you may be doin' now, sir—everythin'

exact to a penny-piece. "I should be no good, father," says he, "in *my* place, without edication. What 'ud you 'a done," he says, "if you had to 'a kep' account of everythin' on old Master Bailey's, and what become of it; and not that alone, but everythin' as went *off* the farm, too?" Why, sir, I should have been topsy-turvy—though I don't tell *him* so—in no time. I could no more ha' done it than I could tell you what them telegrafts say, buzzin' along, though there's our postman's boy, as aint ten year old, and sells papers on the station, can read 'em, he says, word for word—the telegrafts, I mean, you know, sir, not the papers, though *that* 'ud 'a been thought somethin' of in my time.

Ah! they may say what they like, some people may, about railways, and that bein' a injury to the country, and puttin' men out o' work, but look at the stokers, and clerks, and porters, and engineers, and so on, employed on 'em. Why, all this summer there wasn't a man to be got at no price; them as had 'em stuck to 'em, and them as hadn't got 'em had to do the best they could without 'em. If a man left his work, there were the masters off to the Bench, and got him bound down to go back, as if he was gold; I'm telling you the real truth, as I see with my own eyes, sir."

Then look, if it come a week or two of sharp weather afore we got the rail, how we were put to for firin'. There was coals up to double an' thribble the price, an' days an' days afore you could get 'em at that, what with the barges froze up halfway an' one thing an' 'nother.

There's my boy'll laugh till his face is the colour of the geranium he carries in his coat, when I tell him I went fourteen mile one Christmas mornin' with a barrer arter some—all the roads being too slippery for a horse to stand—because our missis was quite out, an' had company to dinner, an' couldn't do the cookin' without 'em. "Ah," says I, "my boy, it's well for you you was born after your father, or you'd a known the difference." But perhaps it's as well for *me*, sir, as it is for *him*, for it's a good thing to have somethin' to look forrard to besides your own concerns; and I often think, now as his old mother's gone—her as I never said an unkind word to, thank God, nor she to me, for five-and-twenty year—I often think how lonesome I should be if it wasn't for him comin' over, now and again, of an evenin', as he will, always with some bit o' good news of how he's gettin' on, an' settin' all the evenin' in the old place with me, when he might be away takin' his pleasure like other young chaps. Or sometimes, it may be, he'll bring his master's trap—lent him free-hearted, sir—an' say to me, "Father, there's some Readin's goin' on to-night over at Uxbridge—come along." And come I must, too, for it aint easy to gainsay him when his mind's

made up to anything; though, thanks be to good schoolin', an' the teachin' of an old woman that's up in heaven yonder, if anybody is, he don't often make it up the *wrong way*—at least, not as I knows on.

He's got a good master, too, he has; a Scotch gentlemen he is, sir, but noways near, as they speak of 'em. "William," he'll say, "I want to see you go on for another year or two as you're agoin' on now, an' then, if you've saved a little money, and see your way to start in business for yourself, you shan't stand still for a hundred pound or so. I should like to see you do well, William;" and he means it, too, sir.

I asks him the other day, jokin' like, as he hadn't been home of the Sunday, whether there was ever a young woman that he took out. "You needn't mind tellin' me, my boy," says I; "I know what it is. Why, when I was your age I was courtin' your mother reg'lar; walkin' over to Beac'n's'ld every Sunday, hail, rain, or shine, a good ten mile each way, takin' her to church and about, and glorifyin' in the vexation of half the young fellows in the neighbourhood. For she wern't, as *you* remember her, then, my boy. Five-an'-twenty year of hard work an' trouble made the difference, or she'd a pretty face, she had, an'

a pretty winnin' way—too good for me, my boy! too good for me!"

"There," says he, noticin' as I wasn't very clear about the voice, or eyes neither, for that matter, "don't you take on, father. I never mean to look after no girls; I mean to stay as I am, and take care of you, that's what I mean to do, father."

Not but what I know, sir, that there's a young farmer's daughter, not a hundred miles off, as the sayin' is, that looks at him, and he at her, and has done ever since they was children, and went to the same school together; and if she's as good a lass as she is a comely one—and they say she is—I shall be glad to see 'em settled, and then I can go an' lie alongside of the old woman once more, for it won't seem like goin' to the grave, with her there waiting for me, and the thought o' my boy's children comin' to play sometimes among the green grass, and the flowers growin' over our heads.

Stop at the corner!—all right, sir. Some-thing to get me a drop o' beer, did you say? No, thank *you* all the same, sir. You're welcome to the ride as *can* be; thank *you* all the same, sir. Good day, sir. Mind how you get down. Woa, mare! Why, when I was *your* age, sir—but there—I aint so lissom as I used to be.

ADRIFT.

THE face of heaven is veiled
With a firt and sullen cloud,
And all below is bound with snow,
Like the dead in a close shroud:

The dead but newly-tomb'd
In an all-but pauper's grave;
Whose children twain, their bread to gain,
The dull cold world must brave.
They bear in their numbed hands
What melody remains
From all the sweetness and rich completeness
Of music, that Home contains.

No more, O sister and brother,
From those familiar strings,
Strains shall ye raise, as in those days
When joy had many springs:

For the homely airs that seemed
So bright and full and rare,
Shall fall away with a dull dismay
From the bleak lethargic air.

Thou, maiden with downcast eyes,
Too tender a blossom art

The tide to rough of rude rebuff,
And the ache of nerve and heart:

Yet faint not, for a charm
Dwells in thy placid face;
And eye shall avault both frown and taunt
Before thy modest grace.

And one in the frequent crowd
Shall find him a task divine;
That painter shall paint the face of a saint,
And the face it will be thine!

And thou, brave-hearted boy,
With thy swift bow shall sweep
Such melodies sweet in the throng'd street
As shall make men fain to weep.

And one in the passive throng
Shall find him a task divine;
That poet shall gain a heavenly strain,
But the key-note will be thine!

Lo! the grey cloud is gone,
And a glory mounts the sky;
And the white snow's bound to the soft warm
ground,
That the spring-flow'rs may not die.

BONAVIA.

ON BROKEN VOWS.—A NEW-YEAR'S MEDITATION.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK.

"Better it is that thou shouldst not vow, than that thou shouldst vow and not pay."

AT the beginning of a year, verses like this press upon the mind unsummoned. We no longer vow bullocks and burnt offerings to the Lord, but I trust we do consecrate to him loyal hearts and active hands. Who does not sometimes feel a glow of fervour, an awakening energy, a shaking off the dust of time? who does not review the past with discontent, and anticipate the future with ardour?

Birthdays often bring such emotions; we then recall the beginning of our last year and examine the present; we blush to find so little improvement, perhaps so much falling off; and we resolve that another anniversary shall not find us so backward and sluggish. Now, the first of January is a kind of universal birthday, the birthday of the world. The hour-hand of creation has traversed the dial again; the universe is a year older, a year nearer to its fiery death. True that every evening as really closes a year, and what we feel this morning happens every morning unperceived, yet it is good to be warned of the lapse of time, to hear the hour struck upon the bell of the world's clock, to stop and think, "Another year has passed."

Reader, what feelings has this new year brought for you? A dull sense of lazy satisfaction (like a stupid schoolboy's when school is over), because no calamity has reached you—because health and fortune are no worse since the year began. Is that all? A feeling of idle curiosity, wondering what will happen before this time twelve months, speculating, like the newspapers, on what other folk may do, with no more feeling of personal responsibility than one who sits in a theatre waiting for the curtain to rise. Men with hands and brains, women with hearts that pity and influence that guides, is it thus you greet your new year?

Or have you been reading the memorial tablets of the past, thinking of all the mercies God has given, how much added, how much spared; thinking also of the many sorrows which have taught you to weep with them that weep; thinking most of all of many opportunities that have slipped away—how you might have improved yourself and helped your brother, and how little of either you have done? Twelve months ago the idle resolved to labour, as they do now; the vicious determined to reform, the thoughtless intended to give themselves to God. How bright and beautiful would the world be, if the pledges then given had been only kept! Surely our retrospect should humble us and prevent us from being "rash with our mouths" and our lips

from being "hasty to utter anything before God." For the vows we forgot so easily were not forgotten by God, and the text which heads this paper tells us that a vow broken is worse than if it had not been made. Not that he who fails is worse than the impenitent sinner whose breast no emotion stirs, who feels no repentance and sighs for no amendment, but that when a resolution is broken, the man who made it is worse than he himself was before. It says, Trust not the generous glow, the short-lived flush of feeling that applauded your resolution when it rose, nor mistake for goodness the mere desire to be good. You are now worse, because you sin against light and reflection; because the beauty of holiness has been seen, and yet has not influenced your life; because your conscience is weakened by defeat, and your passions are strengthened by victory.

Consider, then, why the past, that was so fertile in resolve, has yet been so barren of accomplishment.

It must plainly be either because our wishes were too slight and shallow, or else because our powers were too small for their accomplishment. Each reason is alleged in Scripture, where we read, sometimes, that good seed withers because there is no depth of earth, which is want of resolution; sometimes, that the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, which is want of power.

How often in the chamber, where there was no voice but that of conscience and of God, nor any light to show the glaring colours of the world, have we confessed that only Christ was worth living for? Henceforth the tides of fortune might rise or fall, but our anchor should hold on the Eternal Rock; the tyrants of the world might threaten or flatter, but our ears would hearken to the whispers of the Spirit, and then the soul rose to high and pure emotion, and we felt something of the pilgrim's liberty and of the pilgrim's joy. Not long, however, had we quitted our seclusion—scarcely had we met the world again—when, like one that unconsciously awakes and wonders that his dream is fled, we remembered our resolutions, and found them already broken. For we are not to suppose that wishes must be deep and strong just because they are beautiful and striking. No architect ever reared a pile in solid granite or many-coloured marble half so gorgeous as we may see any morning in the clouds which the wind scatters or the heat exhales.

So is it with our purposes and vows. We should not ask, Are they fine? but, Are they durable? Are they cloud-castles, or is their foundation on the everlasting hills? For the earth grasps us with strong

ties: interest, pleasure, and shame are no slight bands; it is not a little thing to find one's bread at stake; and if these influences be only confronted by sentimental fancies, or the faith by which we strive to walk be no "evidence of things not seen," the result is hopeless indeed; and because we accustom ourselves to sacrifice the future to the present, to make little of the soul's interests when opposed to those of the body, every day of failure must increase the danger by making resolutions weaker, and struggles more ineffectual than before. Here is the first cause of our deficiency: we were not enough in earnest; we wished, without thoroughly determining; we thought of the prosperity of our souls only as a luxury for which one sighs, but the price of which he will not pay.

The other cause is *want of power* to act as we really intended. Subtracting all empty air-blown vows, there is surely some real determination left, such as might have given success in many a lesser pursuit, but yet failed to accomplish it here. And is this not sad, that one may rally all the powers of his nature,—shame and pride, self-respect and prudence, hope and fear,—and yet fail to gain the object for which his heart and flesh cry out? Some men "go in the way of Cain, and run greedily after the error of Balaam," but they are far more numerous whom Satan leads "captive at his will;" who do not float in utter recklessness upon the current, but are swept away into the vortex by a power too strong for their resistance.

And this leads us up to the gravest of all inquiries—What are the means by which we may vow, with a fair prospect of performing what we promise? The failure arose partly from the feebleness and slowness of our wishes; and the cure for this, if it were possible, would be to feel the future as vividly as we feel the present. Our eyes and ears bring clear impressions to the brain; our nerves tingle with very genuine sensations; our appetites are not backward in reporting their needs. Did it never strike you that if our faith were as clear and keen as sight, if our apprehension of Christ's frown were as sharp as that of earthly ridicule or blame, we should never again hesitate or waver in our choice? We want something to make the invisible loom out from the mists that encompass it, and then its massive proportions would dwarf the puny shows of this world. For if the thought of eternal sorrows, and a soul for ever exasperated by remorse and despair, once fastened upon the mind, what would ever relax its grasp, or how could we buy a moment's pleasure at the risk of so terrible a vengeance? And if the thought of heaven, with its abiding quiet and waveless depths of love, were once to unveil its splendours to the heart, what would become of the tinsel of this world? We would surely reject

the mock jewels when the true one lay beside. We should say—

"I have seen higher, holier things than these,
And therefore must to these refuse my heart."

And, what is far more than any sensuous hell or heaven, if real spiritual beauty were perceived, if we saw the loveliness of a conscience unclouded and a heart at rest, if we *felt* the grandeur we confess in a soul that curbs its passions and obeys its God, if we knew what they know whose vesture is white even before the great white throne, and whose breasts are untroubled even beneath the eyes of God, then our wills would be sincere and earnest, and our ardour would not flag, for, like the patriarchs of old, we would "endure as seeing Him who is invisible." We want lustre and radiance for what is now so dim and colourless that we regard it as the beauty of a statue—a pale perfection, before which no heart quickens its throbbing, and no eye droops its lids.

The affections only can sustain the will, and if we want to obey, we must begin by loving, for "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness."

So that our two diseases of the past, want of resolution and weakness in performance, have really one common remedy, the knowledge of that Divine Man in whom we shall find love to inflame our zeal and strength to overcome our foes. The only vows that will endure are the vows we make to Jesus, and the only help that will avail is the Spirit which he sends from the Father. Let us take his life for our example, his death for our pardon, and his intercession for our assurance, and then our very weakness will be stronger than a world in arms.

Reader, spend this year as you would fain spend your last.

Will you be content to think, upon a deathbed: "I regularly attended church, where I was decent in behaviour, and professed what I never practised; and I hope to be saved because I gave myself every opportunity, though I never availed myself of one?"

Will you say: "I was gay and thoughtless. In the world I am leaving none learned of me to worship God, but many to bow down to folly, to adore fashion, and to idolise a creature in the place of God, who is over all blessed for evermore; but because my sins were applauded by the world, doubtless God will handle them gently?"

Will you tell yourself: "I had plenty of the meat which perisheth, and the gold which now passes to my greedy heir; and, because I was industrious in providing these, I have no fear of being bankrupt in the currency of heaven; I cannot starve on the eternal shores, because I leave provision upon earth?"

Will you think: "I have thrust God out of my soul that my intellect might be filled with earth; I have made myself acquainted with everything but Jesus, and now that earthly acquaintances

disappear, he will, doubtless, be content to occupy their vacant place?"

If such words be empty, what are such deeds but mad?

THE DEEPER DEPTH;

OR, SCENES OF REAL LIFE AMONG THE VERY POOR.



SOUTHWARK was called Suthwerke, or the South-work, by the Saxons, on account of some fortification bearing that aspect from London. It was also named the Borough, or Burg, for a similar reason. The first mention of it in history is in connection with Earl Godwin's attempt, in 1052, to seize the royal navy of fifty ships, then lying before the palace of Westminster. On the earl's way up the river, the tide ebbed, and we are told that he went "*ad Suthwecree*" to Southwark, until its return. After the Norman invasion, Southwark was assigned to Odo, Bishop of Bayeaux, and brother of the Conqueror, who was created Earl of Kent in 1067. In the reign of Edward VI., in consideration of a large sum paid by the Corporation to the Crown, it was annexed to the City of London, under its present title of Bridge Ward Without.

We had no sooner crossed London Bridge in search of the DEEPER DEPTH, than we found ourselves surrounded with historic buildings and localities. To the right, the beautiful church of St. Saviour, formerly called St. Mary Overy, carried back our thoughts to the time when no bridge crossed the Thames, but the passage was made in boats; hence its name, "St. Mary of the Ferry." Here were buried the poet Gower, the dramatists Fletcher, and Massinger, and Edmund Shakespeare. So late as 1609, *William* lived in Clink Street, which runs to the right and left of the bridge, and in which stood, until a few years since, a prison for debtors, called the "Clink," under the jurisdiction of the Court of the Bishop of Winchester. At its western extremity Clink Street runs into Bankside, the site of the first theatre, in which Shakespeare's plays were produced under his own superintendence; and Paris Garden, where the citizens of Elizabeth's day enjoyed the pastime of bull-baiting.

Not very far down the High Street, on the left-hand side, opposite the spot occupied by the old Town Hall, stands the "Talbot Inn," originally the "Tabard," in which Chaucer, "the father of English poesy," and his nine-and-twenty fellow-pilgrims, spent a night, in 1383, on their way to Thomas à Becket's shrine, in Canterbury. St. George's Church, which occupies so prominent a position, a little farther down the street—or, at

least, the ancient edifice—was bestowed by Thomas of Arderne and his son, in 1122, on the neighbouring monks of Bermondsey. Directly opposite to it is Mint Street, the subject of the present paper, and which possesses a somewhat interesting history. It was here that Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, built the magnificent mansion known as "Suffolk House." Henry VIII. thought he would like it for his own residence; he accordingly gave the duke the Bishop of Norwich's house, in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, for it. On thus becoming royal property it received the name of "Southwark Palace," and a Mint was established there for the king's use. There is no record of that monarch ever having resided in it; but Edward VI. came up once from Hampton Court to dine there, and after dinner he knighted John Yorke, one of the sheriffs of London. Mary gave it to Nicholas Heth, or Heath, the Archbishop of York, in return for York House; soon afterwards he sold it, and the purchasers pulled it down, disposed of the lead, iron, and stone, and covered the ground with small cottages, on which, we are told, "they imposed great rents, to the increasing of beggars in the Borough," while the name—"The Mint"—was still retained. These cottages were no sooner erected than they were crowded with people of the lowest class, and the district became ere long most filthy, depraved, and dangerous. Thieves and other criminals sought refuge there, as the intricacy of the courts, and the readiness of the inhabitants to conceal them, and, if necessary, to fight in their defence, enabled them to defy the officers of justice. For a long period it continued to be a sanctuary for "cut-purses" and "slash-bucklers," similar to Alsatia, on the City side of the river; "at length, becoming the pest of the neighbourhood, by giving shelter to villains of every species, it awakened the attention of Parliament, which, by certain statutes in the reigns of George I. and II., entirely took away its abused privileges."

The Mint is a long, narrow thoroughfare, with a perfect labyrinth of courts on either side, communicating with almost all parts of the Borough. The first impression we receive on entering is that it is a vast dormitory; there are so many lodging-houses. "Beds 3d. a Night" meet the eye at every turn, on shutters, on cards, on window-panes, on signboards, on door-frames, on lamps;

in fact, on everything capable of bearing such an inscription. Several of these lodging-houses belong to a tradesman in the Borough, who has made a considerable sum of money by them. We wish we could add that they were the best, instead of being the worst in the neighbourhood. The largest lodging-house in the Mint, making up seventy beds, stands a little back from the street, and is called "The Farm House," on account of the poor of Southwark having been farmed there formerly by the guardians. It is a fine old mansion of the time of William III.; the rooms are lofty, and wainscoted with oak. One might be termed "The Painted Chamber," as some full-length figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity—evidently portraits of members of the family that originally occupied the mansion—are painted on the panels. In the "Kitchen," as it is called—a low building in the yard, and at some distance from the house—may be seen a motley crowd, comprising the letter-writer, the pavement-chalker, the street-singer, the bird-catcher, the groundsel-collector, the match-seller, the blind beggar, the card-sharper, and the broken-down gentleman. Some of these people frequent one lodging-house for a long period: we were told by the proprietor that he had lodgers who had been with him more than twenty years. A little farther on, we entered another lodging-house, that used to be the worst, but now, through changing hands, is one of the best in the district. The bedrooms are in excellent condition, and the kitchen is superior to many. Here we found men and women hard at work, making various articles for sale in the street; others were eating their food at the table, while some fowls were very busy picking up the crumbs. A pigeon overhead, watching the proceedings with great interest, is a general favourite; and a man making rush matting—a very serviceable article for stone passages—stays his hand to tell how the roughest fellows are kind to the bird; "And—would you believe it, sir?—it drinks tea with sugar in it, like any Christian, and won't have it without!" While lodging-houses afford facilities for persons of bad character to arrange their nefarious plans, they also supply the houseless poor with shelter, and warmth, and rest at a very small cost. For 3d. a day, or, in most of them, 1s. 6d. a week, a poor man may have a decent, comfortable bed at night, and a good fire to sit by all day long; he can go out and come in, and cook and eat his little food at his own pleasure; while if he should be "out of luck," as they say, the others will frequently share their crust with him. Were there no such places, it is certain that the deaths from starvation and exposure in the inclement season of the year would be greatly increased.

Another feature of this forlorn neighbourhood is

the number of houses let out in *furnished rooms*. A man—say a tradesman or publican—will take a house, almost ready to fall down, on a lease; he patches it up a little, puts a few wretched articles of furniture in the rooms, spends, perhaps, 5s. on each, and then he lets them out at 7d. or 8d. a day of twenty-four hours (the rent must be paid at sundown in advance); and thus makes a considerable profit. There is no harm in his obtaining that profit; but in this, that in many cases these rooms are wilfully let for immoral purposes. The juvenile immorality in the Mint is something fearful. A boy and a girl, or more frequently two boys and two girls, of some fourteen or sixteen years of age, will take one of these rooms between them, and set up in business, so to speak, as professional thieves. Some go out into the Borough, and bring their victims—generally men in liquor—into one of the dark courts, which abound here; there they are robbed by their companions, and often left insensible on the ground. In many instances this is done with impunity, as the sufferers are ashamed to prosecute, or even to complain. Altogether, the reflections of a visitor to the Mint are not of a cheering character; a stagnant gloom seems to pervade it—a cloud that is never lifted. Ere you have been in it ten minutes you are infected by it, and you almost involuntarily whisper to yourself, "Who entereth here must leave all hope behind." The inhabitants may be divided into four classes: those who live directly or indirectly by plunder; those who live by immorality; those who live by begging; and those who, through accumulated misfortunes, have been compelled to become their companions. Here is an example of the last class: In one of the courts leading out of the Mint we found a man and his family who had been in business as a hosier and glover in Holborn. Losses in trade had brought him to this sad condition, while consumption was fast bringing him to the grave. Their one room was in a deplorable state; black cobwebs hung from the rafters of the broken ceiling. The poor wife, worn out with caring for her sick husband and her seven children, had lost the heart necessary even to sweep them down. A Holborn tradesman who knew them in their better days, renders them a little help occasionally; if it were not for him, they would simply starve. The ingenuity, and perseverance, and endurance of the Mint beggars would ensure them success in any honest calling. We heard of one woman who used to sit with her two children in the street, clad in rags, day after day; they died from the constant exposure, but she hired others, and still continued the practice. Once a week she attended the meeting held by the agent of the London City Mission, in the evening; and for five years, whenever a well-dressed stranger happened to be present, she fell

down in a simulated fit, to attract attention and extort a trifle, in which she generally succeeded. She carried this on until her neighbours took it up; and on the next occasion of her doing so, a strong man picked her up from the floor, on which she was beating her head at a frightful rate, carried her to the door, and flung her into the snow, which was lying very deep on the ground that night. This simple remedy cured her; she never had a fit afterwards.

You cannot make your appearance here without calculations being made as to what you have to give away. Everybody is on the look-out. One strong woman cried out, in her disappointment, as we turned away, "The likes of us don't get nothing; it's only they who puts themself's for'ard. We keeps oursel's to oursel's, and nobody don't come to us with any help. P'raps if we did put oursel's for'ard, we should get summat." It did not require a second glance to see that she would never lose anything by not putting herself "for'ard," as she called it. Two little girls who were quarrelling about the way in which they could divide *three farthings*—the change they had received at the baker's shop where they had bought the loaf the eldest was carrying—forgot their strife, in order that they might follow us from court to court, and from house to house, begging "a ha'penny."

The children are sadly neglected here; many of them are permitted to grow up in ignorance, although there are excellent schools in Harrow Street, connected with Surrey Chapel. Not a few of the parents spend enough in drink to clothe and educate them, but they resent every remonstrance on the subject; and when you ask whether they will let them go into a reformatory or refuge, they burst out crying, and, in a maudlin kind of way, reply that they "don't like to be parted from their children, any more than other people." Thus they will neither care for the children themselves nor allow others to do so for them. Of course there are exceptions to this "dog-in-the-manger" conduct. One poor widow, suffering from a diseased knee, would not go into the hospital, because she would not leave her little boy in the hands of strangers, nor suffer him to associate with the children in the street—her chief object in life being to bring the little fellow up properly. There was more pleasure in looking upon him than upon another boy, who was ragged and filthy in the extreme. He had been to the "public" to get beer for his mother, and brought it into the wretched garret in which we were talking to her. "Only a pennuth o' porter, sir; what harm is there in that?" she said. "A great deal, when it is repeated a dozen times a day, and your children all the while wanting both food and clothes," was

the reply. It may seem a small thing to notice, but we are struck with the fact that, while in St. Giles's many of the rooms were ornamented with prints cut out of religious periodicals; in the Mint we saw none but what corresponded only too well with the character and conduct of the inhabitants.

There are not so many public-houses here as formerly; some have been pulled down: thus, on the site of the houses Nos. 9, 10, and 11, stood the "Old Elephant and Castle" (or, as its flash customers familiarly called it, the "Pig and Tinder-box," whatever that might mean), which used to be frequented by the notorious Jack Sheppard; others have had their licences taken away, in consequence of the many robberies planned in them, and the shelter they afforded to thieves and other persons of bad character.

At the "relief" door of St. George's Workhouse, which stands at the Southwark Bridge Road end of Mint Street, we saw a large number of poor women, many of whom appeared to be worn with want, waiting for their weekly allowance of bread or money. The old pauper who lets them in has been an inmate so long that he prides himself on being the "eldest ratepayer in the house," and identifies himself with its management. "Yes, sir," he replies to a question as to the number of applicants; "we has a goodish many, but mostly from our side of Kent Street, where there's a terrible sight of distress. The people in the Mint is mostly lodgers, and they doesn't trouble us much; you see, many of 'em is here to-day and gone to-morrow, like. We's kind to 'em, sir; Muster Townsend, our relieving-officer, he's werry kind; and we does our werry best for 'em all, but more especial for them that is widdies." We have been told more than once that "the Mint is nothing like so bad as it used to be;" if so, it must formerly have been very bad indeed: but assertions of this kind are frequently made without much thought. The only conclusion we could arrive at, after very careful investigation, was, that it was the refuge of poverty and the haunt of vice in the olden time, and that it has not changed its character to this day. H. B. I.

[P.S.—The Rev. G. W. M'Cree wishes us to correct a statement in the closing paragraph of the seventh paper, to the effect that the Bloomsbury and St. Giles's Refuges "originated in a great measure from his philanthropic labours," and to add that Mr. W. Williams, the indefatigable secretary, was their *sole founder*. We gladly comply with his request, and regret that the mistake should have been made. We were under the impression that, while very great praise was due to Mr. Williams for his benevolent and self-denying efforts in behalf of those noble institutions, he had been interested in behalf of the homeless children of St. Giles's by Mr. M'Cree's earnest appeals and faithful representations.]



(DRAWN BY M. E. EDWARDS.)

"Oh, the patient spirit pines
For the brighter sun which shines
In a brighter land!"—p. 266.

THE DEATH OF EMILIA MANIN.

[EMILIA MANIN was the only daughter of Daniel Manin, Dictator of the Venetian Republic of '49. Emilia, her mother, and young brother went with him into exile in the autumn of that fatal year. Madame Manin died at Marseilles; Daniel and his children settled in obscurity in Paris. Emilia had long endured a terrible and mortal malady, but her martyrdom did not close until the beginning of '54. Then, sighing, "Venice, I shall never see thee more!" she went to her rest. Her remains were buried in the tomb of the artist, Ary Scheffer.]

ALLS the sunlight, dim and faint,
On her face, like face of saint,
On her thin, white hand:

Oh, the patient spirit pines
For the brighter sun which shines
In a brighter land!

Down her wan cheeks never steal
Quiet tears, which sweetly heal
The unspoken woe:
For although they often rise
Like a mist before her eyes,
Yet they do not flow.

That which sacrifice doth ask,
That which gives a noble task,
Soon our love obtains.
And when one hath given all
At a martyred country's call,
What a love it gains!

She has given youth and health,
And her father's modest wealth,
And her mother's smile:
Gazing at the fresh blue skies,
Mute upon her couch she lies,
All the weary while.

Has her father toiled for nought?
Have his comrades sternly fought
Only for a grave?
Fettered must their country weep,
Those who on her bosom sleep,
Beautiful and brave?

Shall it never rise again,
Better for its martyr's pain,
That dear sunny land?
Ah! she sends the thought away,—
She can love, and she can pray,
But not understand.

So the fair brow fadeth fast,
It is very near the last,
And 'tis growing late:
See, the sunbeams fade away,
They will come another day,
But she cannot wait!

Falls the starlight, dim and faint,
On her face, like face of saint,
On her thin white hand:
And no more her spirit pines
For the brighter sun which shines
In the Brighter Land.

ISABELLA FRYIN.

DEEPPDALE VICARAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARK WARREN."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

DR. PLUME'S ADVICE.

IT is a fact much to be noted, that while Frank Chauncey was devoting himself to the interests of Lucy, Sir Geoffrey, the ostensible lover, was taking the matter in a cool and leisurely way. It is true he made daily inquiries, and expressed a certain amount of regret; but as to giving way to any demonstration of grief, Sir Geoffrey did it not. He could not wholly abstain from his favourite pastime of fishing.

Just at this time, a relative of Sir Geoffrey's, from whom he had expectations, was taken suddenly ill; and Sir Geoffrey started off to see him. I do not think his absence was regretted by the inhabitants of Deepdale Manor. The popular opinion was, that Lady Lucy's illness was, somehow, connected with him. It was well known that the marriage was distasteful to her, and that, to quote the opinion of the public, "no good would come of it." Indeed, many people considered that it was finally broken

off; for the countess, though she gave out that the weddings—using this general phrase as a blind to her defeat—that the weddings were put off till autumn—was unusually silent on the subject. She never attempted now to enforce her despotic rule on the girl she had well-nigh crushed. Ah, no! she had received too severe a lesson for that. Never before had Lucy known what it was to have a kind and affectionate mother.

But despite this reformation, despite the tenderness now showered on her hitherto neglected daughter, Dr. Plume was not satisfied. As he said to Frank, "There was Sir Geoffrey looming in the distance." Had he known Sir Geoffrey's thoughts on the subject, he would have dismissed his fears as groundless.

But not possessing the gifts of a necromancer, he could not be aware that the relative mentioned above having died, Sir Geoffrey felt himself in a very different position. He was now a rich man, and those debts, he was heretofore so harassed about, concerned him little. He had no need of Lucy's

marriage-portion to keep him from destruction. No; and that being the case, was it desirable to encumber himself with Lucy? She did not love him. The thought of an approaching union with him had nearly been fatal. Why, then, should he be the cause of so much that was tragic? No; if it were possible, he would, in a quiet and gentlemanly way, get rid of the Landon alliance altogether.

These cogitations were unknown to Dr. Plume; he resolved, therefore, to set the matter at rest, or, as he expressed it, "to come to an understanding with the countess."

So soon as Lucy could be moved—and this would happen in another week—the countess intended to take her to the sea, in order to recruit her health. Before she went, Dr. Plume was bent on a tête-à-tête with her imperial mother.

She received him graciously; nothing could exceed her graciousness of late.

He was glad she was gracious, for it made his task easier. Had it been the reverse, he would have gone through it just the same.

"May I ask your ladyship," said he, somewhat abruptly, "what you are intending to do with Lucy?"

"Certainly, doctor; no one has a better right to ask the question than you have. I am going to take her to the sea."

The doctor scanned her ladyship's face narrowly, as if he suspected some sinister design. Then he said—

"And does that—I forget his name—that young sprig of a baronet go with her?"

The countess looked somewhat confused.

"Certainly not," replied she, decisively.

"That's right. If she has any more excitement, she will have a relapse."

"I am sure," she began, at length, "I am very sorry. I did not intend to—do the child harm. I am willing to take any step you think proper."

Such a season of humiliation must be improved, and speedily. It was not likely to happen again.

"The step most natural for your ladyship to take," said Dr. Plume, firmly, "is to apprise—what is the gentleman's name?"

"Sir Geoffrey Willet."

"Exactly, Sir Geoffrey Willet, that you wish him to discontinue all attentions to your daughter."

She glanced up, with somewhat of her old imperious manner; but her eye meeting the eye of Dr. Plume, fell, and she made no reply.

"If you do not—if there is to be any more of it," continued Dr. Plume, sternly, "I will not be answerable for the poor child's life."

She felt the reproach. She knew how well she had deserved it, and this feeling made her say, still in a humble tone—

"I have no wish to have any more of it."

"That is right," said Dr. Plume, with alacrity, and I have only to hope that your ladyship may have a pleasant journey."

He knew the countess well, and he knew it

would not be safe to dwell too long on the ground where she had sustained a defeat.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"FOR THE FUTURE WE CAN BE FRIENDS."

LADY LANDON did not follow the somewhat imperious direction of Dr. Plume, concerning Sir Geoffrey Willet, to undo the mischief; and not because she was unwilling to make reparation to the uttermost—no; but because circumstances rendered the step unnecessary.

Sir Geoffrey, rejoicing in the acquisition of his wealth, had but one drawback in the future that looked so fair. That drawback, strange and ungallant as it may sound, was Lady Lucy herself.

"And I am not the man for her either," thought he.

"Ah! well!" added he, a minute after, as he rose from his seat; "we must try what we can do."

The first thing he would have to do, in a literal sense, was to go and see Lucy. As her acknowledged lover, it was not likely he could let her go off to Wales, or wherever else the countess was about to take her, without an interview, or a word touching her late severe illness.

"If she holds me to my engagement, and there is no accounting for the contradiction of women, why then, of course—but," added Sir Geoffrey, an expression of satisfaction beaming into his face, "I don't, in my own mind, think she will."

Rumour, with her hundred tongues, had carried to Sir Geoffrey's ear some of the popular sayings which were rife at Deepdale—to say nothing of the hint given him by Frank Chauncey.

There being no let or hindrance to his paying a visit to Deepdale Manor, however dubious his intentions might be, he set about the matter seriously. Frank would have flown thither, as on the wings of the wind! Sir Geoffrey took it very coolly. He trotted over on his horse, in a leisurely manner, walking up the hills, and stopping to look about him. He appeared in no sort of hurry to reach the presence of his betrothed. It was not altogether pleasant to him, the thing he was planning to do. Perhaps he felt a little conscience-stricken at the selfish part he had been playing; joined with this was another conviction which stood out before him with great plainness. Lucy was too good for him by half.

And he called to mind the various frivolities in which his days were spent, and the little sympathy he had for anything better. But he had reached the Manor, and dismounting, as usual, he gave his horse to the groom.

He desired a servant to announce his arrival, and ask Lady Lucy if it was agreeable for her to see him. While the servant was gone he sat in an ante-room, staring at the carpet. Presently he received the intelligence that Lady Lucy would be happy to see him. Then he rose, and walked into the presence of his betrothed.

She was his betrothed in the eyes of the world.

Nothing had passed to militate against such an arrangement.

She was sitting at work by the window. It was something she was finishing, as a present to Blanche on her marriage. It was worked in wools, and the colours were beautiful. She got up and came forward, her hand extended. He did not look at her for a few minutes. He had an uncomfortable sensation, akin to shame, or to remorse. Presently, however, he raised his eyes, and then he saw what she had suffered. He was sorry for what he had done—very sorry indeed. Her hand felt so slight and fragile a thing that he held it a few seconds in a kind of wonder. Looking into her eyes, he said, more tenderly than he had ever done before—

"Lucy, are you better?"

"Yes, thank you," and she withdrew her hand, and retired to her seat by the window. He sat just opposite, and watched the thin fingers busy themselves with the rich colours of the wool. She did not seem afraid of him, or to shrink from him in any way. Once she looked up, and smiled at him as he sat silent before her. It was the smile with which one greets an old acquaintance. He did not know how changed matters were since he was last in Lucy's presence. He did not know that that very morning the countess had held Lucy in her arms, and whispered, "Lucy, my darling! shall I send word to Sir Geoffrey that we don't want to see him any more?"

Lucy, much as she rejoiced in the altered state of things, would not allow this. She could not trust her mother with a commission so delicate, and she did not wish Sir Geoffrey to be treated harshly.

"I can dismiss him myself," she thought, and then she had smiled, as she reflected on the kind of dismissal it would be.

Sir Geoffrey continued to sit watching Lucy in silence. Not the silence which usually possessed him, and which arose from the simple fact of his having nothing to say, but a silence brought about by remorse. His was a frivolous nature, but it was not without redeeming touches. As he looked at her wasted figure and sweet patient face, he could almost have loved her. Yet that very love appeared to pronounce a doom of separation.

"I could never make such a woman happy," thought he, in these his better moments. At length he said, in a subdued tone, quite unlike himself, "I am afraid you have been very ill, Lucy."

Her eyes met his, without the slightest fear or hesitation. She said, with a sweet seriousness in her manner—

"I have been very ill indeed. They did not think at one time that I could live."

"Dear me! that was very shocking!" exclaimed Sir Geoffrey, and his remorse became keener than ever.

"I am sure I would not have had it happen on any account," continued he, hesitating and stammering. "What do you think—what brought it on, Lucy?"

Lucy was silent. Some wools dropped from her lap. Sir Geoffrey picked them up. At this epoch he

felt as if he could have gone to the ends of the earth for her. As he seemed to expect an answer, Lucy said, gently—

"Perhaps we had better not talk of that now."

"But, Lucy," cried the young man, eagerly, "can you ever forgive me? I am afraid that I—I am so very sorry!"

Poor Sir Geoffrey had not much eloquence, or much address; but, as he spoke, his face grew better and more noble in its expression. He was, for once, thoroughly in earnest. What he was intending to do Lucy could scarcely guess. Her course was apparent. She pitied Sir Geoffrey. At the present moment she almost liked him; but, unite herself to him of her own free will, *never!*

"I am ashamed of what I have done," continued he, still earnestly; "and now I will tell you what I propose. It is an awkward thing to say," added he, stammering and confused, "but, Lucy, if you like to marry me—No, that is not the right way of putting it. I am very stupid. What ought I to say?"

"Nothing, Sir Geoffrey," replied Lucy, quickly, "except that for the future we can be friends."

He rose, evidently much relieved by the suggestion.

"Ah! yes, Lucy, that is it! We can be friends."

Many new ideas floated through Sir Geoffrey's mind, as he bade Lucy farewell. He had misgivings that his days, as far as any good or noble end was concerned, had been wasted. A feeble wish to amend struggled into existence. The difference between a well-spent life and one of mere frivolity stood out before him in striking contrast. The voice of conscience called loudly upon him to choose a better path than he had yet been pursuing. It reminded him of a future he had never considered, and of aspirations far above any he had ever dreamed of. Whether he would hear, or whether he would forbear, is not for us to say.

CHAPTER L.

SIR GEOFFREY BECOMES CONFIDENTIAL.

ANOTHER individual besides Sir Geoffrey Willet had been preparing for an interview with Lucy. Frank Chauncey was even now on his way to the Manor.

When the crisis in Lady Lucy's illness had been safely passed, Frank had become conscious that he had gone beyond his strength. Complete exhaustion had followed so great a strain upon his energies, and he had been compelled to keep his room. Dr. Plume insisted that he should do so. Indeed, to get Frank for a time out of the way, he sent him, on private business, to a place some twenty miles distant.

Frank reluctantly went; and, having been detained a fortnight, sorely against his will, he returned. He came back recruited, it must be confessed, in health and spirits; and the first thing he did was to hurry off to Deepdale Manor.

The idea of Lucy going into Wales, without his seeing her first, was outrageous.

He bowed along, that bright summer morning, feeling as joyous and happy as anything in Nature.

When he reached the Manor, he stepped briskly from his gig. His handsome face and sparkling eyes would have done anybody good to look at; and, as it happened, they were not destined to pass unnoticed. In the spacious hall of the Manor he encountered Sir Geoffrey Willet.

Frank's heart did not misgive him at the sight of the man who had been the lover of Lady Lucy. Indeed, he stopped to say "good morning." Sir Geoffrey had always treated him with courtesy, and he did not personally dislike him.

Sir Geoffrey stopped too.

"Well, Mr. Chauncey," said he, "I think we have met before."

"We have," said Frank, smiling.

"You gave me a bit of advice, if I remember rightly," continued Sir Geoffrey.

"I did," replied Frank.

"You will think it odd, I dare say," continued Sir Geoffrey, putting his finger into Frank's button-hole, "but I have followed it."

"Followed my advice!" echoed Frank, surprised.

"Exactly: followed your advice."

"Well?" said Frank, still in a tone of astonishment.

"Well! She is a beautiful creature! a girl such as one does not often meet with. On my word, I have very nearly fallen in love with her!" cried Sir Geoffrey, with unwonted enthusiasm.

"Are you speaking of Lady Lucy?" asked Frank.

"Of course I am. I would have married her, if she had liked. I have just been to tell her so," continued Sir Geoffrey, with unshaken gravity. "But she declined."

Frank stared at him in blank amazement.

"The fact is, she is too good for anybody," resumed Sir Geoffrey, still with enthusiasm.

"It is my opinion, Mr. Chauncey, that she won't marry at all."

"Is it?" said Frank, stiffly.

"Yes! Who is there for her to marry, pray?"

Frank did not utter a word. He wished Sir Geoffrey would let go his button-hole. After a moment's pause, Sir Geoffrey did so, and Frank, bowing slightly by way of farewell, hurried forward, impatient to reach the presence of Lucy.

She was still sitting by the window, working quietly, and smiling to herself as she worked. She was very glad the affair of Sir Geoffrey's dismissal was ended. The fear of an ill-assorted union having been removed, and peace and hope restored, she felt that she should soon be well again. It was mental grief that had brought her to such a pass. Now all that was over.

Thinking thus, and of other things besides, connected with her illness, that we need not mention, but which caused a tender glow of gratitude and interest to overspread her pallid cheek; thinking thus, she heard a footstep in the passage outside her door. It must have been a familiar footstep, for the glow deepened, and she was hastily letting her work drop upon the floor. A minute after, she was holding

out her hand, and saying, in a voice of cordial welcome—

"Mr. Chauncey, I am so glad! I began to think——"

"Lady Lucy," replied he, tenderly. How could he but be tender to the creature whom he had cherished back to life? "Lady Lucy, I am rejoiced to see you!"

She trembled much; she had all the weakness of recent illness, and it seemed as if she must give way to tears. The sight of him who had done so much for her was, at first, agitating.

Presently she recovered her composure, and then she went back to her old sweet way of talking to him, asking how he was, and expressing her deep and ardent thanks for his kindness—a kindness she could never repay. She had laid her work aside in order to converse with him; and Frank, his whole being hushed into a kind of transport, listened. Not for worlds, would he have broken the charm of her sweet voice, by a single syllable of his own.

When he did speak, it was in a low tender voice, and in little broken sentences; and then he would wait impatiently for her to go on.

She told him how concerned she had been at his illness; at the weary watches he had gone through for her sake, the extraordinary fatigue he must have suffered. She could never, she repeated, make any adequate return. She should always feel that, with God's blessing, he had been the means of saving her life.

After that, she took up her work, and he sat and looked at her. It hardly seemed safe to converse, at least, as far as Frank was concerned. To sit and look at her was enough.

How fragile, how ethereal she was! Sickness had refined to the utmost, what had seemed to need no refining.

But he could not sit there for ever; the Smiths and Joneses of Deepdale were perhaps at this moment lifting up their voices against him.

He rose from his seat, and she rose also. Her face was inexpressibly calm and happy. He came nearer to her, he could not help it. He took the thin white hand and held it in his own. She did not take it away, but she trembled, and her dove-like eyes were fixed shyly on the ground.

He ought to have fled, but he did not. Deepdale might call aloud with all its voices for him; Smith and Jones were alike consigned to oblivion, as far as he was concerned.

He drew her nearer with a tender caressing movement. She did not seem alarmed, nor did she attempt to quit his side. It appeared very soothing to her to stand there, her hand in his. Had he not been her friend, her deliverer? It could not last long, it was impossible. She was too much agitated, and so was he. But, it passed his lips involuntarily, he could not help it any more than he could help his own existence. That one fond, loving little word "Lucy!"

(To be continued.)

"I FORGOT."

A NEW YEAR'S STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

ELLEN ROSCOE was a charming little girl of twelve years of age. Her pretty features and graceful, lithe figure won the admiration of all who saw her. She was, however, not only attractive in person, her disposition was so kind and generous, that nothing was easier to win than her confidence and affection. But with all her beauty and amiability Ellen was a thoughtless girl; and the habit of forgetfulness to which she was addicted had often, by its painful consequences, clouded her merry face, and dimmed the lustre of her bright blue eyes.

It was on a New Year's Day when this sad defect rose up before her mind with such vivid recollections of broken engagements, forgotten promises, and thoughtless actions, which the past year had witnessed, that amid all her pleasing hopes of the coming year, a momentary shadow hovered over her brow, and subdued the joyousness of her happy feelings; but it immediately vanished as fresh resolutions, made in her own unconscious weakness, took its place.

In less than a fortnight afterwards, during which time Ellen had enjoyed her full share of mirth and gladness, and had only now and then relapsed into her former habit of forgetfulness, she was taught, in a more mournful way than ever before, its mischievous nature, and the utter failure of her weak endeavours to overcome it.

The natural affability of her disposition had drawn around her a large circle of agreeable companions, and among these was one who, though a timid, delicate child, and poorer than the rest, yet shared largely in her affections. This little girl, whose name was Janet Bird, became so much attached to Ellen, that her usually pensive face was never so bright as when she was with her friend, who was always very kind to her. There were times, however, when even she experienced the sad results of Ellen's fault. Perhaps, indeed, as she was her most intimate friend, both at school and at home, no one else suffered them so often, and had been more deeply pained by them, notwithstanding all Ellen did to make the fullest amends in her power, by making Janet a sharer in the many nice presents she received from her friends.

They had spent most of the Christmas holidays happily together, and now school-time had come again, and both girls, being in the same class, were found side by side in their usual places.

Janet, being not so quick, and more careful than her companion, took a longer time to get through her tasks. It therefore happened, on the Thursday after the holidays were over, that each having a difficult exercise in grammar to prepare for the next day, Janet did not finish hers until an hour after Ellen had gone home. On the following morning Ellen, who had filled her own slate with the exercise which she had prepared the day before, came early to school,

and was looking for another slate on which to set down some "sums," and finding Janet's slate in her desk, without considering whether what was on it was done with, or not, she thoughtlessly rubbed off the neatly-written exercise which had cost her schoolfellow so much pains and labour.

When the time came for the children to go out to spend a few minutes in the playground, Ellen put back the slate in the place where she had found it, and ran off to play.

Who can imagine the grief and consternation of poor Janet when, on coming to fetch her slate to be ready for her teacher to look at as soon as she should come in, found the exercise quite obliterated? She seemed overwhelmed with distress, and, sinking down upon the floor, burst into tears. Ellen, quickly starting up, ran to raise the weeping child from the ground, and when Janet was able to speak, and she had learned from her the cause of what had happened, Ellen herself was stricken with the keenest pangs of remorse, and, uttering between her sobs bitter words of self-reproach, she acknowledged herself to be guilty of the thoughtless act which had occasioned all Janet's present misery and loss. Such was Ellen's excessive vexation with herself, which she now manifested, that Janet felt her own sorrow, great as it really was, to be much less than Ellen's, and so, trying to dry her own tears, she threw her arms round Ellen's neck, and, begging her to cry no more, she gently whispered to her, "Never mind, dear Ellen; I will do it over again. It was only through forgetting what you were about that you did it."

"Yes, indeed," Ellen sobbed, "I did forget; but I am always forgetting. It seems as if I could never remember;" and then the tears came to her eyes again.

Their schoolmistress, who had just then entered the room, wondering what could be the matter with the two girls, called them both to come to her to relate what had happened, and, having considered all the circumstances of the case, she kindly consented to give Janet another day to prepare her lesson, at the same time warning Ellen to be more careful in future, lest a more serious accident should happen.

Soothed by their mutual sympathy and the kindness of their teacher, they soon forgot their griefs and resumed their usual tasks. And when school closed each of their faces wore a smile—Ellen's a sad and penitent one, and Janet's a meek and languid one, with a bright hectic flush on her pale, thin cheeks.

When they reached the schoolroom-door to go home, they found a heavy rain was falling, and Ellen begged Janet to wait a little, while she fetched an umbrella for them both from a friend of hers, who lived near. Janet waited patiently more than half an hour standing at the school entrance, and as Ellen

had not yet returned, she came to the conclusion that she must have gone home without her. "I think Ellen has forgotten to fetch me," she said to herself, while a sigh escaped her lips, and fearing lest she should be late home, she threw her little plaid shawl over her bonnet, and then drawing it tightly across her shoulders, she set off at full speed on her way. But the distance being nearly a mile, and the rain coming down still faster, she felt obliged to take rest and shelter under a large tree, about half way home. Here she stayed a long time, until the shower had somewhat abated, and then, feeling very damp and chilly, she set off again on her journey, but did not reach the end of it before her clothes were quite wet through, and her shoes filled with water. Her mother was so vexed at seeing her daughter in such a miserable plight that she scolded her for not remaining at school until the rain was over, and then sent her immediately to bed.

Next morning, as poor Janet had taken a violent cold, she was kept away from school, and remained in bed the whole day. Ellen missed her from school, and felt anxious to go to Janet's house and inquire the reason of her absence. So, as soon as school was over, she started off to do so, and on her arrival there she was told by Janet's mother of her illness, and asked to go up-stairs to see her.

Ellen was shocked to find her poor little friend so ill, and all through her own negligence.

"Dear Janet," she exclaimed, as she stood close to her bed-side, and affectionately kissed her, "how cruel I have been to you again! I quite forgot I had left you so long waiting for my return with the umbrella."

Janet's eyes filled with tears as she looked up to Ellen's mournful face, and, clasping her hand in both hers, which were hot and feverish, she said, softly—

"Oh, Ellen, I do feel very unwell; but do not grieve about me. I ought to have waited longer for you, but I feared I was quite forgotten, and so ran home in the wet, and got this bad cold. Don't cry, dear Ellen; I shall soon be better."

Janet, however, grew worse instead of better; and when Ellen came again the next day to see her, she found her poor companion still in bed, and so hoarse from coughing as to make it painful for her to speak.

Ellen now began to feel alarmed lest her forgetful conduct should lead to some fatal result, and, deeply distressed, she took her leave.

A few hours afterwards, little Janet's mother—who had been told by the doctor that her poor little daughter was past recovery, and that he could do nothing more for her—went up-stairs to her and sat down with her apron held up to her eyes, silently weeping near the foot of the bed.

Janet presently turned her face towards her poor, weeping mother, and, seeing her in tears, she said to her, in a faint voice, "Tell me, dear mother, if you think I shall soon die."

"Oh, my poor, child!" her mother sobbed out,

"I fear you will soon leave us; but are you ready for heaven?"

The child shuddered a little at the thought of separation from her mother, whom she dearly loved; but soon recovering her composure, she replied, earnestly, "Oh yes—yes! I know I am going to heaven, and I shall soon be with my Saviour." She then closed her eyes, and put her hands together, as if in prayer. Again opening her eyes, she said to her mother, "How I wish once more to see dear Ellen Roscoe! do send for her."

It was nearly eight o'clock, and her mother feared it was too late to send for Ellen that night, but as Janet could not be pacified without seeing her at once, she at last consented to send her brother John to bring her. He was hastening to the house when he met Ellen carrying a basket, containing a few things, which her mother had sent for her sick friend. He delivered his message to her as quietly as possible, for fear of exciting her fears too much, and then brought her home with him.

She went up-stairs with a beating heart and a faltering step, feeling afraid, as she entered the little chamber, to ask how poor Janet was, and scarcely daring even to look at her pallid face. But Janet, as soon as she perceived who it was that had come to see her, beckoned Ellen to come near.

Janet whispered in her ear, and told her she ought rather to rejoice than to weep with her, for she was soon going where neither sickness nor death can enter.

Ellen raised her head a little, and saw such a sweet smile on Janet's dying face! She was struck with awe as she sorrowfully gazed at her through her tears, and for a few moments she felt entranced, and unable either to weep or to utter a word. At length she spoke. "Oh, dearest Janet!" she said, with a beseeching, agonised look, "will you forgive me? Oh, pray forgive me, if you can, or I shall never be happy again!"

Janet stretched out her hand, and clasping the hand held out to her by Ellen, she pressed it to her pale, cold lips, and said, "Oh, yes! I forgive you, but for my sake, dearest Ellen, say no more about forgiveness; you never meant any harm to me: you only forgot."

Scarcely had she uttered these last words than she sank back upon her pillow, and with her eyes still turned upon Ellen's face, she whispered, with a voice almost inaudible, "Farewell!"

Ellen slowly released her hand from the wan fingers, and imprinting a kiss upon the marble-cold forehead, she abruptly withdrew with a deep sigh, feeling so overcome by grief and remorse that she was scarcely able to walk without leaning for support on the strong arm of her father, who had come to fetch her home. Never did Ellen lose the memory of the harrowing scene she had that night witnessed. It followed her all through the years of her after life, and by the salutary, though painful, lesson which it taught her, she learned by God's grace never more to forget her duty to others.

NEW BOOKS.

WHEN new books are multiplying so fast upon us that it would be difficult to keep even a record of their number, it is very refreshing to meet with something of those strange old fathers, good or bad, of our lusty literature, who are growing, we fear, every day less regarded in the eyes of the community. Mr. Friswell's "Varia" * brings before us such men as Thomas à Kempis, Dr. John Faustus, Michael Scott, Sir Thomas Browne, and others whom the public generally look upon with equal ignorance and awe. "Varia" presents us not merely with rare men, but also with their rare books. The "Imitatio Christi," the "Religio Medici," and the works of Quevedo, for instance, are books whose day of deserved fame seems gone by almost beyond recall; and it remains for such excellent works as that before us to keep us from altogether dishonouring their memory by neglect. Apart from such considerations as these, however, this collection of essays is full of that interest and instruction which the author has so well provided elsewhere, and we can recommend it heartily to our readers as worthy of a good place in their libraries.

We are afraid that "The Sea, the Railway Journey, and other Poems†" will hardly fulfil the promise given by the author's name. Mr. Dalton certainly may be congratulated on his power of rhyming, but, looking through the weary waste of his volume, we can find nothing besides to serve as an excuse for the expense of so much time and paper. We trust that the author's other works have done him more credit than that before us.

* "Varia: Readings from Rare Books." By J. Hain Friswell, Author of "The Gentle Life," &c. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

† "The Sea, the Railway Journey, and other Poems." By the Rev. Edward Dalton, D.D. Second Edition. London: Dalton and Lacy.

"Animal Sagacity" * is the title of a collection of stories about animals, edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall, which is in itself a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. The cuts by Harrison Weir are admirable.

"Kings of Society" †—a work by the Rev. W. Anderson—tells us the stories of some of those great men who have led society on in its various epochs of advancement. Such a subject is evidently too large for one small volume; but Mr. Anderson gives us a very good selection of those who may claim our reverence as the teachers of men.

Mr. Matthias Barr has written a collection of little poems for children, ‡ which have been published in a handsomely bound volume, in bold, clear type, and with charmingly executed border-illustrations by Giacomelli. The verses are simple, musical, and, what is more, poetical.

"A Tramp's Wallet" § is the title of an unpretending little volume, which records the experiences of a goldsmith in his travels through France and Germany. Mr. Duthie is a pleasant and unaffected writer, and rewards the reader's attention with far more than the average amount of interesting and useful information. The same author has also published a small volume of poems, || which, like his prose, are sensible, and never destitute of point; and in these days of many books, there are comparatively very few of which this can be said.

* "Animal Sagacity." Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. London: S. W. Partridge.

† "Kings of Society." By the Rev. William Anderson, Author of "Self-made Men." London: Elliot Stock.

‡ "The Child's Garland of Little Poems." London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

§ "A Tramp's Wallet." By William Duthie. London: Robert Hardwicke.

|| "The Pearl of the Rhone, and other Poems." By W. Duthie, Author of "A Tramp's Wallet." London: R. Hardwicke.

"THE QUIVER" ORPHAN-HOME FUND.

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Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin	22	8	11	J. Hain, Fogg	0	3	0	Idia	0	3	0	E. C. Henley-on-Thames	1	0	0
"Lent into the Lord," High Holborn	0	3	0	Foundry Men, Blackheath	1	1	3	Slough	0	5	0	F. Hall, Charlton	0	8	0
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T. S. Guildford Road	0	4	0	W. Hill, S.S., London	1	0	0	H. J. Thrift, Groydon	0	3	0	Little F. E. K., Cheltenham	0	8	0
A. W. Challa, South Oxendon	0	10	6	S. S., Exeter	0	10	0	H. Lewis, Cobham	0	6	0	J. A. B. and A. C. F. Hart	0	8	0
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T. Neilson, Glasgow	0	5	0	A. B., Preston	1	0	0	K. Barton, Bude	0	14	9	Edith Emily Bateman, Sudbury	0	8	1
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R. S. M., Co. Waterford	0	15	0	Mrs. Ireland, Tiersy St. Mary	0	6	6	G. Bird, Weston-le-Hole	0	11	4	Lady A. Randall, Deal	0	1	0
W. Sydenham, Salisbury	0	6	8	F. W. Simonds	0	9	0	E. Steele, Hereford	0	13	0	Miss Rowden, Howden	1	4	0
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								A. C. S. Storey, Stockton	0	1	1				
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* Omitted to be acknowledged in our previous list.